

Mississippi's Oldest and Largest Life Insurance Company.

IN THE NINE YEARS that the Lamar Life Insurance Company has been doing business it has paid to its policy holders over \$200,000.00; has loaned to them over \$300,000.00, and now holds over \$500,000.00 of first class assets for the protection of its living policy holders. Is not this sufficient proof that this Home Company is a staunch and substantial institution? That it has successfully passed the experimental stage, and that it offers real protection to all who place their insurance with it?

All of its funds are invested in the territory from which it receives its premiums, and its investments consists of mortgage loans, policy loans, county and municipal bonds, and real estate,—no "stocks" of any kind or owned, or held as collateral for loans.

Its policies offer guarantees, not "estimates," and these guarantees are made secure by depositing pre-

scribed securities with the Treasurer of the State of Mississippi, just as issues of currency by National Banks are made secure by deposits of bonds with the United States Government. Death claims are paid promptly upon receipt of proper proofs of death of the insured; there are no undue "red tape" requirements to cause delay in settlement of claims.

Policies are liberal and fair and premium rates compare favorably with any other old line legal reserve life insurance Company.

Talk to a Lamar Life Agent, or write to the undersigned, if you are interested in up-to-date life insurance. We have liberal contracts and good territory for reliable, active agents.

LAMAR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Jackson, Miss.

W. Q. Cole, President

C. W. Welty, Secretary

Jas. H. Ramsey, Dist. Mgr., Houston, Mississippi

THE HUMMER

RAD HARRILL REED, EDITOR

Entered as second-class matter March 20th, 1915, at the postoffice Houston, Mississippi, under the act of March 3rd, 1879.

Hail, The Harvest!

From Winston's Weekly.

Tell the glad tidings in Gath; shout it in Gaul; herald it from Dan to Beersheba—yea, even from Yellow Rabbit unto Vinegar Bend!

Let the frost tinged autumn air whisper it, till November gales sweeping down from the North swell the refrain into an anthem of praise, caroling over gleaned fields—of debt wiped out; barns filled to overflowing; beasts sheltered, and God's poor clothed and fed!

Ye serried ranks of rustling corn; ye meadow stretches of golden hay; ye sun-kissed nectar from ripened fruit and vine, and glorious sheen of sere and yellow leaf woodland—Hail!

But, O! you ten cent cotton!!!

How to Get Rich.

An exchange gives the following suggestions on how to get rich:

Quit loafing and go to work to-day.

Keep on working to-morrow, and next day, and all the rest of the week days of your life.

Begin saving to-day, and add something to your savings every remaining day that you work.

Use your brains as well as your hands, and don't be afraid of giving more than you receive.

Don't forget that this is a good town and that there is a future for those who remain here and strive to make it a better town.

Don't think that you must be a "good fellow" and spend it as fast as you make it, for if you do that you will wake up some day and find that you have nothing left to spend, that you may never hope to become rich, and that your whilom friends have ceased to think of you even as a "good fellow."

WHY IS THIS.

In a grocery store in Little Rock a few days ago, the writer saw goods on shelves and in receptacles as follows:

Can of corn labeled "Packed in Maine."

Honey in jars labeled "Packed in California."

Syrup in cans marked "Put up in Iowa."

Green apples in boxes labeled "Packed in Oregon."

Lettuce marked "Grown in California."

Canned tomatoes labeled "Packed in Maryland"

Peach preserves marked "Packed in New York."

Meal in sacks marked "Milled in Kansas."

Butter marked "Made in Missouri."

Lard in cans labeled "Packed in Chicago."

Bacon branded "Packed in Omaha."

Beet sugar marked "Manufactured in Nebraska."

Strawberries labeled "Packed in Michigan."

Canned beans labeled "Packed in Massachusetts."

Sausage branded "Manufactured in Milwaukee."

Jams labeled "Packed in England."

Should the people of Arkansas buy food from other states when Arkansas can grow, pack and manufacture her own food products?—Arkansas Democrat.

Even the goat can teach us a lesson—go at a task from the front end and use headwork in the punch. But don't butt in too often unless you can put up a mighty good front.

(From Memphis Commercial-Appeal.)

The Old Fashioned Mother.

"Blow, blow, thou Winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind as Man's ingratitude."

So sighed Shakespeare, and so has sighed many men and women since the days of the melancholy Jacques in the forest of Arden.

A few days ago a New York judge allowed a woman petitioner alimony and counsel fees pending the settlement of a suit for divorce; in which she alleges her husband with tiring and of leaving their home because she is "an old-fashioned woman and out of date."

In her complaint she added that she had married him when he was a poor, struggling youth; that she had borne him 11 children; had always done all of the housework, and had looked after his physical comforts. Now, after twenty-seven years, the husband for whom this worthy woman has done so much has turned against her because she is old-fashioned.

Man may well sigh for the old-fashioned woman. She was one of God's greatest jewels. It was the old-fashioned mother who looked with love on the opportunity of bringing children into the world and in bringing them up to be useful members of society. It was the old-fashioned woman who knew what was in the kitchen and pantry; who knew how to buy the best and at the cheapest price. It was the old-fashioned woman who did not have to depend upon her servants. Even though she was blessed with ample worldly goods, she knew the arts of the household. She prided herself on her ability to cook, just as the average woman of today prides herself on her art of dancing.

It was the old-fashioned woman who could sit by the bedside of her children when sick and soothe their fevered heads and close their tired little eyes in comfort to sleep. Man should only have the tenderest and most reverent thoughts for the old-fashioned woman. She was in her day one of the greatest uplifting influences in any community. What if her eyes have grown dim and her hair has turned to silver and her cheeks a little parched? She is entitled to all of the love we can give her.

This ingrate who permits his wife to ask the courts for relief after twenty-seven years of faithful and helpful companionship should be shunned by members of his sex. He has amassed an independence. We all know that there is no fool like an old fool. This alone can account for such neglect.

We can only say in comment. "God bless the old-fashioned woman."

We believe the alphabet is the greatest invention of civilization. On it is builded the thought and action of the world. With it, man has achieved monumental success—without it, animals remain at a standstill. The next greatest invention is the printing press because it delivers the goods. We would like to see the subject discussed in a short contribution from our readers.

This paper is trying to get a copy of every paper printed in Mississippi. We have about 150 on file and hope to get others in the next few weeks. We will bind them and keep on display in the office. Sincere thanks go now to those who will send us a copy of their paper.

"Germans cross the Bug." And the poor thing never opened its mouth in protest. Possibly it was insect powder that made the Bug so cross.

There are many men in Mississippi who can only make their mark on a deed, check or note. Did you ever know even one of them to FAIL when pay up day rolled.

MOTHERS HAND.

Here is an article copied from the booming Clarksdale Mississippian that we think will be very interesting to our readers:

Just a pair of dear old wrinkled hands, but they have the power to put Memory speeding back along the trail to a narrow barefoot-beaten lane, through a high posted gateway to a little pink-bordered green path, up the path to a honey-suckle-canopied door, through a low-walled front room, on into a sunny sitting room, to where beside the tiny-paned window a mother sits, patiently sewing or knitting with swift and deftly-moving hands.

Sometimes Memory leads straight on to the lean-to kitchen, not stopping in the sitting-room. There she is, this mother who "looketh well to the ways of her household," with a paring knife, a broom, an iron, or a cooking spoon in her hand, still making every motion count. And then Memory whispers, "The children wouldn't have recognized her if her hands had been empty."

Other mother's hands may have been long and narrow, with beautiful-tapering fingers, but the mother's hands we knew were little, short, wide and stubby. How these small hands were able to make level such mountains of work, no one has explained!

Many a man looks back to the brown house under the locust trees and sees plainly the crowded row of little faces in the front window. When he thinks of the tireless service necessary in that home, he is reminded of his mother's hands and he wonders! Even the greatest scholars shake their heads. They cannot figure out the loving, patient work of a mother's hands.

But the toil left marks. The hands were scarred.

"Why, mother what a funny finger!" exclaimed a child touching the stiff crooked joints of her mother's right forefinger. "What makes it crooked!"

"Oh! sweeping and sewing and knitting for my little flock" the mother replied, smiling at the child's solemn face. "They're a rather badly battered up pair of hands I'm afraid."

As a rule, mothers are willing to have their hands twisted out of shape for their little flock; it's a way they have the world over.

Remembering the loving service, gladly and freely given to meet the continuous demands of the busy days and years, the grown-up children often find themselves thinking of those scars—afterward.

Ah, some of us never feel exactly right about those little stubby, tired hands!

But to-day there are other mothers with tired hands!

It is fine to see a rosy checked girl run into the kitchen and smilingly transfer the broom or the cooking spoon from her mother's hand into her own. How praiseworthy it is when a young stork, schoolboy tries, by his thoughtful and tender care to keep the stiffness out of his mother's hands. It is good when a grown daughter sees to it that her mother has a chance to sit down at the piano, and brush upon old-time music which she played for Father before the flock came to take complete possession of her hands. The old-time music was gradually pushed back further and further, until it was finally packed in a box and taken upstairs out of the way.

The great, busy man, how we love him when he takes both of mother's little hands in his, and pats and kisses the calloused spots again and again. He pays grateful homage to every of service there.

Just a pair of dear old wrinkled hands, but there is no figuring up what they have done for the world.

THE GREATEST OF ALL CROP

Never in the history of our country was there such a crop as that which has just been harvested, or is now ripening for the harvest. Never we think, in all the history of all the world was any nation so blest with beautiful yields, with bursting plenty.

How eloquent these items are, as taken from the latest government estimates: Corn, 2,920,000,000, against 2,672,804,000 last year, an increase of about 259,000,000 bushels; wheat, 966,000,090 bushels, an increase of 75,000,090 over last year's banner crop; oats, 1,400,000,000 bushels, an increase of 200,000,000 bushels.

We will have four million tons of hay above the 1914 mowing, and there will be twenty-five million more bushel of potatoes in the great American bin. All down the line the story is the same, with perhaps the single exception of apples.

With a prospect for fair prices for most products, if America does not have a record-breaking prosperity during the next twelve months, we will have to abandon the theory that "good crops mean good times."

Laundering her personality seems to be "September Morn's long suit. After two or three years abluion wonder when she will hang out to dry?"

"What's the war good for anyhow?" So sayeth a friend of The Hummer. Nothing shakin' here—ask the other fellow.